SUPPLEMENT

TO

Chatterton's Miſcellanies.

KEW GARDENS.

HAIL Kew! thou darling of the tuneful Nine,
Thou eating-houſe of verſe where poets dine,
The temple of the idol of the great,
Sacred to council-myſteries of ſtate.
Sir Gilbert oft in dangerous trials known,
To make the ſhame and felony his own,
Burns incenſe on thy altars and preſents
The grateful ſound of clam'rous diſcontents:
In the bold favour of thy goddeſs vain,
He brandiſhes his ſword and ſhakes his chain.
He knows her ſecret workings and deſires,
Her hidden attributes and veſtal fires,

Like an old oak has ſeen his godhead fall,
Beneath the wild deſcendant of Fingal.
And happy in the view of promis'd ſtore,
Forgot his dignity and held the door.

——— happy genius comes along
Humming the muſic of a Highland ſong:
Rough and unpoliſh'd in the tricks of ſtate,
He plots by inſtinct, is by nature great.
Who, not a mantled herald can diſpute
The native grandeur of the Houſe of Bute;
Who, not a Caledonian can deny,
By inſtinct all its noble branches lie;
'Tis an entail'd eſtate upon the name,
To plunder, plot, and pillage into fame;
To live in ſplendor, infamy and pride,
The guiders of the tools who ſeem to guide;
Or ſtarve on honeſty in ſtate their own,
And marſhal ſheep unnoticed and unknown.

——— vers'd in juntos and intrigues,
The fool and ſtateſman in cloſe union leagues;
Sits at the council's head; eſteem'd at moſt
An uſeful kind of circulating poſt:
Thro' whoſe ſhort ſtage each future meaſure's laid,
And all the orders of the Thane convey'd.
He gives the written text by Fortune wrote;
Sir Gilbert adds his neceſſary note.

Dyſon,

Dyſon, a plodding animal of ſtate, ———
Who's claſſically little to be great;
An inſtrument made uſe of to record,
The future witty ſpeeches of his lord:
To write epiſtles to his powerful dame,
And, in the dark, ſupply his loſs of flame;
To ſell preferment, grovel in the du[illegible],
The ſlave of intereſt and the ſlave of luſt:
To lick his lordſhip's ſhoes and find a flaw,
In ev'ry ſtature that oppos'd his law;
To carry orders to the guiding tool,
To flatter ——— with the hopes of rule:
To ſend congratulations to the man, ———
Who ſtands ſo well affected to the clan,
To ——— whoſe conſcientious mind,
Does univerſal ſervice to mankind.
When red with juſtice and the royal cauſe,
His bloody muſket ſhook with court applauſe;
When monarchs, repreſentatives of gods,
Honour'd the raſcal with a gracious nod,
Three ghoſts in George's ſanguine fields were ſeen,
And two ſtruck horror into Bethnal-Green.
Soft Pity's voice unnotic'd by the Crown,
Stole in a murmur thro' the weeping town;
And Freedom wand'ring reſtleſs and alone,
Saw no redreſs expected from the Throne:
Then bade Remonſtrance wears a bolder dreſs,
And loudly ſupplicate, and force ſucceſs.

——— heard, and resting on his mace,
The usual fees, my lord, and state the case;
Three thousand, and reversion to your son,
The seals, my lord, are mine, the matter's done,
This house of foolish cits and drunken boys,
Offends my ears, like Broderip's horrid noise:
'Tis a flat riot by the statute made,
Destruction to our happiness and trade.
Thy action ——— is just in law,
In the defence of ministry I'll draw;
Nor doubt I when in solemn pomp array'd,
To act as bravely be as richly paid.
So ——— spoke, and in his usual way,
When giving out his syllables for pay;
With happy fluency he scatter'd round,
His nicely cull'd varieties of sound:
Unmeaning, unconnected, false, unfair,
All he can boast is modulated air.
To bribe the common council to protest;
To learn a witless alderman to jest;
The father of the city to deprave,
And add the humm'd apostate to the knave,
Who wisely disinherits his first-born,
And doats upon the blossom of his horn.
To fill up places by preferment void,
Is Dyson by the quadruples employ'd:
He bears the message of the gartred trate,
The running footman to the favour'd great:

When ſpent with labour, overgrown with ſpoil,
Some barony or earldom pays his toil.

Whilſt two chief actors wiſely keep away,
And two before the myſtic curtain play;
The goddeſs mourning for her abſent god,
Approves the flying meaſures with a nod:
Her approbation with her pow'r combin'd,
Exalts her fools above the common kind.
She turns the movements of the dark machine,
Nor is her management of ſtate unſeen;
Regardleſs of the world, ſhe ſtill turns round,
And tumbles ~~ſhe would~~ to his native ground.
Great in poſſeſſion of a myſtic ring,
She leads the Lords and Commons in a ſtring.
Where is the modeſt muſe of * Jones retir'd?
So baſhful, ſo impatiently admir'd.
Ah! is that noble emulation dead,
Which bade the laurels bloſſom on his head?
When Kew's † enchanting heap of ſtones was ſung,
In ſtrains ſuperior to a mortal tongue;
And kitchen-gardens moſt luxuriant glow'd
With flow'rs which ne'er in Mayo's window blow'd!

* Henry Jones, author of the Earl of Eſſex, and other pieces. He had been a bricklayer in Ireland before he was taken under the protection of the late Earl of Cheſterfield.

† See "Kew Garden. A Poem in two Cantos. By Henry Jones," 4to, 1766.

Where cabbages exoticly divine,
Were tagg'd in feet and measured with a line.
Ah! what invention grac'd the happy strain;
Well might the laureat bard of Kew be vain.
Thy Clifton * too! how justly is the theme,
As much the poet's as his jingling dream:
Who but a muse inventive, great, like thine,
Could honour Bristol with a nervous line?
What gen'rous, honest genius would have sold,
To knaves and catamites his praise for gold?
To leave alone the notions which disgrace,
This hawking, pedling, catamitish place.
Did not thy iron conscience blush to write
This Tophet of the gentler arts, polite;
Lost to all learning, elegance, and sense,
Long had the famous city told her pence;
Av'rice sat brooding in her white-wash'd cell,
And Pleasure had a hut at Jacob's Well †.
Poor Hickey ruin'd by his fine survey,
Perpetuates —— in the saving lay:
A mean assembly-room, absurdly built,
Boasted one gorgeous lamp of copper gilt;
With farthing candles, chandeliers of tin,
And services of water, rum, and gin;

* "Clifton. A Poem in two Cantos, including Bristol and all its environs. By Henry Jones, 4to, 1766."

† Where the old theatre at Bristol stood.

Here

Here in the dull ſolemnity of wigs,
The dancing bears of commerce murder jigs;
Here dance the dowdy belles of crooked trunk,
And often, very often, reel home drunk;
Here dance the bucks with infinite delight;
And club to pay the fidlers for the night:
While ——* humdrum ſymphonies of flats,
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.
What charms have muſic when great —— ſweats,
To torture ſounds to what his brother ſets:
With ſcraps of ballad tunes and *gude Scotch ſangs*,
Which god-like Ramſay to his bagpipe twangs;
With tatter'd fragments of forgotten plays,
With Playford's melody to Sternhold's lays:
This pipe of ſcience, mighty ——, comes,
And a ſtrange unconnected jumble thrums.
Rous'd to devotion in a ſprightly air,
Danc'd into piety and jigg'd to pray'r,
A modern hornpipe's murder greets our ears,
The heav'nly muſic of domeſtic ſpheres.
The flying hand in ſwift tranſition hops
Thro' all the tortur'd vile burleſques of ſtops.
Sacred to ſleep, in ſuperſtition's key,
Dull doleful diapaſons die away;

* In this place the name of a muſician was inſerted, againſt whom the author ſeems to have conceived much prejudice.

Sleep ſpreads his ſilken wings, and, lull'd by ſound,
The vicar ſlumbers and the ſnore goes round.
Whilſt ——— at his paſſive organ groans,
Thro' all his ſlow variety of tones.
How unlike Allen! Allen is divine!
His touch is ſentimental, tender, fine:
No little affectations e'er diſgrac'd
His more refin'd, his ſentimental taſte:
He keeps the paſſions with the ſound in play,
And the ſoul trembles with the trembling key.
The groves of Kew however miſapply'd,
To ſerve the purpoſes of luſt and pride,
Were by the greater monarchs care deſign'd,
A place of converſation for the mind:
Where ſolitude and ſilence ſhould remain,
And conſcience keep his ſeſſions and arraign.
But ah! how fallen from that better ſtate!
'Tis now a heathen temple of the great;
Where ſits the female pilot of the helm,
Who ſhakes Oppreſſion's fetters thro' the realm;
Her name is Tyranny, and in a ſtring
She leads the ſhadow of an infant king *:
Diſpenſes favours with a royal hand,
And marks, like deſtiny, what lord ſhall ſtand;

* See the impudent frontiſpiece to the 3d volume of The New Foundling Hoſpital for Wit.

Her

Her fourfold repreſentative diſplays, ———
How future ſtateſmen may their proſpects raiſe;
While thronging multitudes their offerings bring,
And bards, like Jones, their panegyricks ſing.
The loyal aldermen, a troop alone,
Proteſt their infamy to ſerve the throne.
The merchant-taylor miniſter declares
He'll mutilate objections with his ſhears.
Sir Robert, in his own importance big,
Settles his potent magiſterial wig;
Having another legacy in view,
Accepts the meaſure and improves it too.
Before the altar all the ſuppliants bow,
And would repeat a ſpeech if they knew how:
A gracious nod the ſpeaking image gave,
And ſcatter'd honours upon every knave.
The loyal ſons of Caledonia came,
And paid their ſacred homage to the dame;
Then ſwore by all their hopes of future reign,
Each meaſure of the junto to maintain;
The orders of the miniſtry to take,
And honour ——— for his father's ſake.
Well pleas'd the goddeſs dignified his grace,
And ſcatter'd round the benefits of place:
With other penſions bleſt his lordſhip's poſt,
And ſmil'd on murder'd ——— injur'd ghoſt.
Thro' all the happy lovers num'rous clan,
The inexhauſted tides of favour ran:

——————— happy in a name,
Emerg'd from poverty to wealth and fame:
And Engliſh taxes paid (and ſcarcely too)
The noble generoſity of Kew.
Kew! happy ſubjects for a lengthen'd lay,
Tho' thouſands write, there's ſomething ſtill to ſay;
Thy gardens, elegance, thy owner's ſtate,
The higheſt in the preſent liſt of fate,
Are ſubjects where the muſe may wildly range,
Unſatiate in variety of change.
But hold, my dedication is forgot ——
Now—ſhall I praiſe ſome late ennobled Scot?
Exalt the motto of a Highland lord,
And prove him great, like * Guthrie, by re-
cord?
(Tho' was the truth to all the nobles known,
The vouchers he refers to, are his own:)
Shall I trace ——————— pow'rful pedigree,
Or ſhew him an attorney's clerk—like me?
Or ſhall I rather give to ——————— its due,
And to a Burgum recommend my Kew?
Why ſneers the ſapient Broughton at the man,
Broughton can't boaſt the merit Burgum can.
How lofty muſt Imagination ſoar,
To reach abſurdities unknown before!

* William Guthrie, compiler of "The Complete Hiſtory of the Engliſh Peerage," 4to, 1762.

Thanks

Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou haſt brought
From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.

Burgum wants learning. See the letter'd throng
Banter his Engliſh in a Latin ſong.
If in his jeſts a diſcord ſhould appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
Ye ſage Broughtonian, ſelf-ſufficient fools,
Is this the boaſted juſtice of your ſchools?
Burgum has parts; parts which will ſet aſide
The labour'd acquiſitions of your pride:
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Inſtruction ſees his latent talents riſe;
His gold is bullion, your's debas'd with braſs,
Impreſt with folly's head to make it paſs:
But Burgum ſwears ſo loud, ſo indiſcreet,
His thunders echo thro' the liſt'ning ſtreet.
Ye rigid Chriſtians, formally ſevere,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear:
Obſerve his actions, calumny muſt own,
A noble ſoul is in theſe actions ſhewn:
Tho' dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a Burgum, than a ſaint.

Hail inſpiration! whoſe Cimmerian night,
Gleams into day with ev'ry flying light:
If Moſes caught thee at the parted flood;
If David found thee in a ſea of blood;

If

If Mahomet with ſlaughter drench'd thy ſoil,
On loaded aſſes bearing off the ſpoil;
If thou haſt favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew:
Say, had not Broughton inſpiration too?
Such rank abſurdities debaſe his line,
I almoſt could have ſworn he copy'd thine.
Hail Inſpiration! whoſe auſpicious ray,
Immortaliz'd great *Armſtrong in a Day.
Armſtrong, whoſe Caledonian genius flies
Above the reach of humble judgment's ties:
Whoſe lines proſaic, regularly creep,
Sacred to dullneſs and congenial ſleep.
Hail Inſpiration! whoſe myſterious wings
Are ſtrangers to what ſings:
By him thy airy voyages are curb'd,
Nor moping wiſdom's by thy flights diſturb'd:
To ancient lore and muſty precepts bound,
Thou art forbid the range of fairy ground.
Irene creeps ſo claſſical and dry,
None but a Greek philoſopher can cry:
Thro' five long acts unletter'd heroes ſleep,
And critics by the ſquare of Learning weep.
Hark! what's the horrid bellowing from the ſtage,
Oh! 'tis the ancient chorus of the age:

* "Day. An Epiſtle to John Wilkes, Eſq;" 4to, 176-. This poem was written by Dr. Armſtrong, but is not collected in his works.

Grown

Grown wiſe, the judgment of the town refines,
And in a philoſophic habit ſhines;
Models each pleaſure in ſcholaſtic taſte,
And heav'nly Greece is copy'd and diſgrac'd.
The Falſe Alarm in ſtill and ſubject great,
The mighty Atlas of a falling ſtate,
Which makes us happy, inſolent, and free:
O god-like Inſpiration! came from thee.
——— whoſe brazen countenance like mine
Scorns in the poliſh of a bluſh to ſhine,
Scrupled to vindicate his fallen grace,
Or hint he acted right—till out of place.
Why will the lovers of the truth deplore,
That miracles and wonders are no more?
Why will the deiſts, impudently free,
Aſſert what cannot now, could never be?
Why will Religion ſuffer the reproach,
Since ——— dreſſes well and keeps a coach?
Briſtol and ——— have beſtow'd their pence,
And ——— after ——— echo'd ſenſe.
Since ——— once by providence or chance
Tumbled his lengthning quavers in a dance;
Since Catcott ſeem'd to reaſon and diſplay,
The meaning of the words he meant to ſay;
Since Warburton his native pride forgot,
Bow'd to the garment of the ruling Scot;
And offer'd ——— ghoſt (a welcome gift)
And hop'd in gratitude to have a lift:

An

An univerſal primacy at leaſt,
A fit reward for ſuch a ſtirring prieſt.
Since Horne imprudently diſplay'd his zeal,
And make his foe the pow'rful reaſons feel;
Since ——— has meaning in his laſt diſcourſe;
Since ——— borrow'd honeſty by force:
And trembled at the meaſures of the friend
His infant conſcience ſhudder'd to defend;
Since ——— in his race of vice outrun,
Scrupled to do what ——— ſince hath done.
Hail Inſpiration! Catcott learns to preach,
And claſſic Lee attempts by thee to teach:
By Inſpiration North directs his tools,
And ——— above by Inſpiration rules;
Diſtils the thiſtles of the garter'd crew,
And drains the ſacred reſervoirs of Kew.
Inſpir'd with hopes of riſing in the kirk,
Here ——— whines his Sunday's journey-work:
Soft ——— undeniably a ſaint,
Whimpers in accents ſo extremely faint,
You ſee the ſubſtance of his empty pray'r,
His nothing to the purpoſe in his air.
His ſermons have no arguments, 'tis true,
Would you have ſenſe and pretty figures too?
With what a ſwimming elegance and eaſe
He ſcatters out diſtorted ſimilies:
It matters not how wretchedly applied,
Saints are permitted to ſet ſenſe aſide.

This

This oratorial novelty in town,
Dies into fame, and ogles to renown:
The dowdy damſels of his choſen tribe
Are ſee'd to heav'n, his perſon is the bribe.
All who can ſuperficial talk admire,
His vanity, not beauty, ſets on fire.
Enough of ———, let him ogle ſtill,
Convince with nonſenſe, and with fopp'ry kill,
Pray for the ſecret meaſures of the great,
And hope the Lord will regulate the ſtate:
Florid as Klopſtock *, and as quick as me,
At double epithet or ſimile:
His deſpicable talents cannot harm,
Thoſe who defy a Johnſon's Falſe Alarm.
Hail Inſpiration! piouſly I kneel,
And call upon thy ſacred name with zeal:
Come, ſpread thy ſooty pinions o'er my pen,
Teach me the ſecrets of the lords of men:
In viſionary proſpects let me ſee,
How ——— employs his ſenſe deriv'd from thee.
Diſplay the myſtic ſybil of the iſle,
And dreſs her wrinkled features in a ſmile:
Of paſt and ſecret meaſures let me tell,
How —— pilfer'd power and Chatham fell.

* A German writer, ſome of whoſe works have been tranſlated into Engliſh. See particularly the Meſſiah, and the Death of Adam.

Chatham,

Chatham, whose patriotic actions wear
One single brand of infamy——the peers
Whose popularity again thinks fit
To lose the coronet, revive the Pitt;
And in the upper house (where leading peers
Practise a minuet step, or scratch their ears.)

* A German writer, fame of whose works have been translated into English, but proud slave to the Mitrian, and the Dread of Adam.

Chatham,

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